

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborn hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleue'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Ar. O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierie lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.
Ar. Alas, what neede you be so baistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
For heaven sake *Hubert*: let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgieue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.
Exc. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Ar. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boytious there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tongue.

Ar. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd

In vndefens'd extreames: See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.

Ar. And if you do, you will but make it blusht,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierie fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heaven! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more: go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.
John. Heere once againe we sit: once against crownd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once againe (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:

The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long d-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possels'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;

To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,

Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome;

Being vrged at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anricke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde vnto a saille,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe:
Pem. When Workemen striue to do better then we,
They do confound their skill in conetousnesse,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set vpon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault;
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd:
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd

We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

Job. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I haue posselt you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request

The infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.

If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp

Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exercise,

That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,

Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his libertie.

Enter Hubert.
John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault

Lies in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betwene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Herald's twixt two dreadfull barrailes set:

Hispation is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:

This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Job. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
So thrise it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced graue.

That blood which ow'd the bread of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Job. They burn in indignation: I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life at
A fearefull eye the
That I haue seene

So foule a skie, cle
Poure downe thy

Mef. From Fra
For any forraigne
Was leui'd in the

The Copie of your
For when you shou
The tydings come

Job. On where
Where hath it slep
That such an Army
And she not heare

Mef. My Lieg
Is stopp'd with dust:
Your noble mother

The Lady *Constance*
Three dayes before
Iidely heard: if tru

John. With-hol
O make a league w
My discontented P
How wildly then

Vnder whose cond
That thou for truth

Mef. Vnder the
Enter B.
Job. Thou hast

With these ill tydi
To your proceeding
My head with more

Basf. But if you
Then let the worl
John. Beare with

Vnder the tide; bu
Aloft the flood, and
To any tongue, spee

Basf. How I hau
The summes I haue
But as I traual'd hit

I finde the people st
Posselt with rumor
Not knowing what

And here's a Prophe
From forth the stree
With many hundre

To whom he sung i
That ere the next A
Your Highnes shou

John. Thou idle
Pet. Fore-know
John. *Hubert*, av

And on that day at
I shall yeeld vp my
Deliuier him to safe

For I must vse thee
Hear't thou the new

Basf. The French
Besides I met Lord
With eyes as red as

And others more;
Of *Arthur*, whom I
John. Gentle kin

And thrust thy selfe